

any more than the same state of affairs worried him when he was a waiter. If he is asked to do anything, he expects to be paid. He is paid. He sees nothing wrong in it, for likely his first services are of an entirely proper kind, except for the impropriety of accepting a fee for work that he does in his legislative capacity. But he has put himself under obligations to an individual or a concern whose interests are far from identical with the interests he was elected to conserve, and there is little in public sentiment to show him the serious nature of this.

In a general way bribery is condemned; in some

particular instances there is trouble; but the whole public has become accustomed to the giving and exacting of tips. The friends of this alderman, in many instances, think none the worse of him because he transacts business on this basis; he is expected to do favors for those who favor him; there is nothing in the practical life of the times, as he understands it, to bring home to him the nature of his offense. He does not feel that he is a man apart, but merely one of the many. The whole system is wrong—beginning with a petty annoyance and ending with a monstrous evil, the various

phases being so closely allied that it is impossible to say where the annoyance ends and the evil begins.

And the underlying cause of this may be found in Scripture: "No man can serve two masters." That is what the man who accepts tips, graft or bribes is trying to do. He is employed by the man who pays him salary and by the man who fees him, and the time is sure to come when the interests of these two will clash. But in all probability the first clash will not be so serious as to jar him into

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WHY I AM PROUD OF MY RACE

By Booker T. Washington

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It happened to me some years ago that at a public function of some sort I was introduced to a woman of some distinction, who had shown considerable interest in the work we have been attempting to do at Tuskegee to educate the colored people along lines that will make them more useful citizens. In talking with her about this work I mentioned casually that I was proud of my race.

She looked at me for a moment with an expression of mild surprise, and then turned to a gentleman, who had been taking part in the conversation, and said: "What does Mr. Washington mean?"

It was evidently entirely beyond her comprehension, in spite of her friendly feeling for me and my work, that a negro should find anything in his own people to feel proud of.

Fortunately, the friend to whom she addressed her question came to my rescue with a few phrases. He said what I meant was that I was proud of the history and traditions of my people; but he did not say what there was in the history and traditions of the negro of which I might be proud, and I fear that if the lady had pressed her question and asked him to specify just what things he thought there were of which a negro might properly be proud, he would have found it difficult to answer.

Up to this time I do not think that I myself had thought over carefully the grounds upon which a negro had a right to face the world and say he was proud of his own people. I had been too busy in the struggle to get something accomplished to have time to speculate. The joy I felt in having obtained my own freedom of action and in seeing what was being accomplished by others of my race, small though it might be, inclined me to think that others would place somewhat the same value on the achievements that I did.

Knowing as I did how we had come out of slavery

with almost nothing in the way of civilization, except the Christian religion, certain improved methods of labor and the English language, knowing also the struggles and the sacrifices that so many members of my race were making to get the mere tools of a higher civilization, namely, a common-school education, it was natural that I should feel proud of what, in spite of mistakes and misunderstandings, we had accomplished in forty years, even when it seemed insignificant compared with what the Anglo-Saxon people had accomplished in twelve hundred years.

It seemed to me that a race or an individual should be measured by the progress made, by the depth from which he or it had risen, as Mr. Douglass used to say, rather than by the height which remained to be attained. I am still of that opinion. It seems to me that an individual or race may justly feel proud of any achievement, however humble, as long as it represents advance in the right direction. So I am proud of every achievement of my race, however insignificant—every farm purchased, every acre of land well tilled, every house well built—because I know the effort and the sacrifice they have cost, and because I know that only by the accumulation of just such humble individual efforts as these the race is going to succeed.

I am proud of the possibilities of the negro race, because of the ardor with which it pursues knowledge and the ease with which it learns, because it is a young race and has its future still before it and not behind it, as some one has aptly put it.

The Anglo-Saxon race has gained pretty nearly

all that it holds most dear in the world, its territory and its rights, by conquest and rebellion. The race has acquired in these wars what I heard Professor James of Harvard characterize at the Peace Conference as the "war instinct."

An Anglo-Saxon instinctively admires a nation or individual that will fight for his rights; but it is hard for him to understand that there is anything in the patient endurance and capacity for suffering that has enabled the negro race to survive transportation to a foreign continent and the hardships of two hundred years of slavery.

But I am proud of these also. I am proud of the quaint, melancholy and beautiful slave-songs in which the sorrow and the hopes of my people once found expression. I am proud that these same slaves proved faithful, in their hour of trial, to the Southern people; that when their masters were called from their firesides to war, they dared trust their wives and children to these faithful servants; and that in all that period of disorder not once was that trust betrayed. I am proud that in all the discouragements, and sometimes even injustices, to which the colored people in this country must still submit, they have the courage to go calmly and patiently forward.

I can only reflect that it was these same qualities that enabled the early Christians to survive the trials and persecutions to which they were subjected for centuries, and made it possible finally for the Christian religion to become the dominant force for human welfare in the modern world.

I am proud of my race, finally, because I see it day by day learning to make itself more useful in those communities of which it has become a part, and because I believe that in the end it will be found that it has something valuable of its own to contribute to the civilization of the world.

AH, ROSE, WHITE ROSE

By Lowry W. Goode

Ah, Rose, dear Rose, when was it, in the ages long ago,
That you and I, as man and maid, watched Egypt's water flow,
And looking o'er the desert haze, we pledged in silence low
A deathless, pure and mighty love? Ah, Rose, how long ago?

I hear the bulbul singing—'twas in Persia's old dear land.
Ah, Rose, dear Rose, he sang for you by Tigris' pure-white sand!
I saw the bushes lave the stream, a red rose by the strand.
Ah, Rose, red Rose, life sang to love and waved its magic wand!

Long years have gone—and the bulbul, with the red rose too—both dead.
The glow has gone from the Tigris, and the glory of Iran has sped;
But, ah, my Rose, my dear Rose, the love of that time crowns your head,
And the petals gleam back in the darkness where your heart dropped its red!

Ah, Rose, dear Rose, it is Greece now, and the petals are yellow and bright!
'Tis the gold of Athene's wisdom, the Goddess of Wisdom's light.
The bulbul is gone—'tis a bird of the silence, an owl of the night—
The heart red has mellowed to golden and the song-bird has winged its flight.

Ah, Rose, dear Rose, I see the gleam, the glint, of dreamy Spain,
The Guadalquivir chafes its banks, and the nightingale's refrain
Sings to a nodding rose-bush near, a white rose by the main,
Washed in the sacrifice of tears, long centuries of pain,

Ah, Rose, white Rose, queen of a time that is numbered by eons of years,
Blanched in the white fire of loving all down these ages of tears,
Out of the red and the yellow a soul, a temple of whiteness, rears,
And the spirit bends low and all loving your heart's deep melody hears!

